# GLORY's RESURRECTION:

BEING THE

# Triumphs of London

REVIVED,

For the Inauguration of the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

# Sir Francis Child, Kt.

Lord Mayor of the City of London,

CONTAINING

The Description (and also the Sculptures) of the Pageants, and the whole Solemnity of the Day.

*All set forth at the proper Cost and Charge of the Honourable Company of* GOLDSMITHS.

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Publish'd by Authority.

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*LONDON:*

Printed for *R. Barnham* in *Little Britain*, 1698.

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To the Right Honourable

# Sir Francis Child, Kt.

## Lord Mayor of the City of London.

*MY LORD,*

IN Your Lordſhip's Acceſſion to the CHAIR, advanced by ſo many Eminent Merits to that High Poſt, there needs but a very little Spirit of Prophecy to foretel with what true Glory Your Lordſhip will execute that Honourable Truſt. To ſay, Your Lordſhip will anſwer the Expectation of the World, ſpeaks too little: There's ſomething more than Expectation, an Univerſal Aſſurance and Confidence of Your Lordſhip's Performance.

And whilſt the Worſhipful *Company* of GOLDSMITHS, have, after a three Years Ceſſation, reviv'd the Cuſtomary *Splendor* of the *City* on this Solemn Occaſion, I dare not ſay, 'tis wholly their own Natural *Grandeur* and *Magnificence*, ſo much as their *Gratitude* that furniſhes the *Entertainment*. Your Lordſhip makes ſo conſiderable a Luſtre, and gives that Ornament to their Society; that this Publick *Triumph*, on Your Inauguration-Day, is not ſo much a Preſent they make You, as a Debt they pay You.

Of

Of all Your Lordſhip's numerous Virtues, the truly Noble Train that attend You thither, Your Unſhaken Conſtancy to Your *Native Altars* ſeems to carry the Leading Glory. Your Lordſhip's truly Chriſtian *Undivided* Knees, pay that greater and more entire Adoration to an Eternal Throne, than to make at one time a *Cain*'s, and, at another, an *Abel*'s Sacrifice. Your Lordſhip would ſtart at ſo poor a *Prevarication* with Omnipotence, as to bring a Sheaf of *Stubble* to Your *Morning* Oblation, and a *Lamb* to Your *Evening* one.

Nor are Your Lordſhip's Moral Perfections leſs Conſpicuous: You aſcend to this Metropolitan Dignity, wholly untainted with the too common *Avarice* of Greatneſs. No, my Lord, You come not thither to Gather, but Shower the Gold; whilſt warm'd and animated by Your own innate Principles both of *Charity* and *Hoſpitality*, thoſe two Illuſtrious Ornaments of Magiſtracy, Your Lordſhip has reſolved to recal from their late *Baniſhment*: And indeed thoſe truly radiant Virtues could never appear on the *Prætorian Chair* with nobler Luſtre than now; conſidering they will ſo immediately break forth in that full Glory there, after ſo total an Eclipſe before. 'Tis thus Your Lordſhip deſigns in Your Adminiſtration of Your *Mayoralty* to waken and revive the late drooping and languiſhing *Honour* of the *City*: And indeed to give a new Reſurrection to the *Grandeur* of the *Chair*; which I may honeſtly ſay has ſome time lain buried. 'Tis thus, my Lord, the Shades behind You will illuſtrate Your own Glories before You; Or, to ſpeak in the *Goldſmiths* Dialect, Thoſe *Foils* will ſet off Your *Diamond*.

But

But what has yet more nobly ſignaliz'd Your Lordſhip; In the late Suppreſſion of the Defaced and Adulterated Coin, at the time when all the *Private* and *Publick Banks* of *England*, and indeed the whole Currency of *Exchequers* and *Treaſury's* ſtood almoſt intirely ſtopt; at that time when 'twas no forfeited Credit even for the proudeſt *Court* or *City Heads* to play the Inſolvents; 'twas then Your Lordſhip's Particular, I might ſay, Only Pride, that when all the other *Golden Veins of the Nation* were ſtagnated, Yours alone kept their whole open Circulation: You anſwered all Bills with the ſame prompt and entire Satisfaction, perhaps to the Wonder, at leaſt to the Envy of the World. And tho' the then general Examples all round Ye, might have excuſed You from that Stretch of Payment; yet Your Lordſhip ſo valued Your Reputation, as to do Juſtice even to a Supererrogation.

And here methinks Your Lordſhip's very Coat of Arms, the long *Hereditary Eſcutcheon of Your Family*, by a kind of *Prophetical Herauldry* ſeems to blazon the very Virtues of Your Lordſhip that bears them; when Your Lordſhip's *Argent Eagles* truly ſoard, whilſt your Neighbours flagg'd and droop'd.

But in enumerating Your Lordſhip's ſingular Worth and Deſerts, I am enter'd into too large a Field, and therefore ſhall modeſtly retire, with ſubſcribing my Self,

*My LORD,*

*Your Lordſhip's moſt Devoted*

*and moſt Dutiful Servant,*

E. SETTLE.

TO THE

# Worſhipful Company

OF

# GOLDSMITHS.

AS we are all naturally Ambitious to ſerve the Nobleſt Maſters, You may believe, Gentlemen, that my humble Muſe takes no common Pride in being call'd up to entertain You. For beſides the particular commanding Merits of ſo many Honourable Members of Your Society, I cannot but conſider what extraordinary dazling Luſtre even Your Profeſſion it ſelf carries with it.

When I enter into the Goldſmiths Laboratory, methinks I ſee even Soveraignty it ſelf ſhine there: The very Strongeſt Nerves of War, and the Richeſt Bleſſings of Peace, in effect the only Product of Your Forge, are all Your own. Nay, even Crown'd Heads hold their very Thrones but by a Precarious Tenure, without Your Mints of Gold to ſupport 'em.

The famous Columbus in his Peruvian Diſcovery, found out a New World for little more than only to ſupply Your Furnace: Nay, the very Sun himſelf is but the Goldſmiths Fellow-Labourer, whilſt his moſt vigorous Beams warm the rich Beds, and impregnate all the whole Mineral Veins, to furniſh Your Shops of Gold. Gold, I may honeſtly ſay, (Your Handy-work) does all Things, nay indeed is all Things, or at leaſt makes all Things its own. 'Tis from the Golden Mine that the Pallaces of Monarchs, nay the very Temples and Altars of Heaven, receive not only their Nobleſt Ornaments, but even their very Foundation.

And tho', 'tis true, that ſometimes that too fatal Mineral, may be the Temptation of Vice, or the Purchaſe of Shame and Injuſtice; yet to over-ballance thoſe more unhappy Influences, 'tis no leſs the higheſt Reward of Virtue. Induſtry, Study, Labour, and all the honeſt Toils of Life ſweat only for that Prize: In ſhort, we are all Smiths at Your Anvile, and only hammer for the Gold. Thus, tho the Golden Show'r may ſometimes fall into a wanton Danae's Lap, yet 'tis that very glittering Metal too, that wreaths the Bracelets, and moulds the very Coronets for a Diana.

But, Gentlemen, not to expatiate upon ſo voluminous a Subject, 'tis enough to Congratulate Your preſent Pride and Glory, in having the fairreſt Royal (or at leaſt Deputy-Royal) Collar of SS's, and the Richeſt Gold Chain of England, among You: To whom wiſhing all Continuance of Honour, and Your Selves of Happineſs, I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your moſt humble Servant,

E. S.

# *The Proceſſion and whole Solemnity, as follows; perform'd on* Saturday October 29th, 1698.

THE whole Company ſelected for the Management of the Triumph, meet at Seven in the Morning at *Goldſmiths* Hall, *viz.*

1. The Wardens and Aſſiſtants in Gowns faced with Foyns.
2. The Livery in Gowns with Budge, and their Hoods.
3. The Foyns and Budge Batchelors in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.
4. Forty Gentlemen Uſhers in Velvet Coats, each a Chain of Gold about his Shoulders, and a white Staff in his Hand.
5. Thirty other Gentlemen carrying Banners and Colours.
6. The Serjeant-Trumpet wearing two Scarfs, one of the Lord Mayors Colours, and the other of the Companies, with 36 more Trumpets, whereof 16 are His Majeſty's.
7. His Majeſty's Drum-Major, wearing a Scarf of the Company's Colours, with four more of his Majeſty's Drums and Fifes.
8. Seven other Drums and two Fifes with Scarfs.
9. The two City Marſhals riding on Horſeback, and ſix Perſons attending with Scarfs and Colours of the Companies.
10. The Foot Marſhal and ſix Attendants with like Scarfs, *&c.*
11. The Maſter of Defence and his Retinue in like Scarfs, *&c.*
12. Several Penſioners in Gowns and Caps, bearing Standarts and Banners.
13. Other Penſioners in Gowns and Caps, carrying each a Javelin in one Hand, and Target in the other, having the Arms of the Company's Founders and Benefactors.

All theſe Rank'd by the Foot-Marſhal, marching Two by Two, the Company's Enſigns leading; the Penſioners, four Drums, and one Fife, and four more Drums and Fifes bring up the Rear of this Diviſion. After them the Penſioners with Standarts; four Trumpets, the Supporters and Creſt of the Company, ſix Gentlemen Uſhers, then the Budge Batchelors concluding the Second Diviſion. Six Trumpets, two Gentlemen, one bearing the City's, the other the Company's Arms. Then eight Gentlemen Uſhers, and next the Foyn Batchelors make the Third Diviſion. Two Gentlemen Uſhers bearing Banners, two more Gentlemen Uſhers, and then the Livery. Next the City Trumpets, then two Gentlemen bearing the City and Lord Mayors Banner. Then the Gentlemen and Court of Aſſiſtants, *&c.* Four Drums, ſix Trumpets, two Gentlemen bearing Banners, four Gentlemen and four Pages, and then the Wardens bring up the Rear.

In this Order they march from *Goldſmiths* Hall, attending his Lordſhip, who joins the old Lord Mayor at *Queen-ſtreet* end, where the whole Company move through *Cheap-ſide* to *Three-Crane-Wharf*, where the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Livery, and part of the Gentlemen Uſhers take their

Barge

Barge for *Weſtminſter*, whither his Lordſhip is attended, with the ſeveral Barges of the reſpective Companies, with Flags, Streamers, ſeveral Pleaſure-Boats, with Hautboys, Flutes, Trumpets, and all manner of Muſick. *&c.*

His Lordſhip having taken the Oaths before the Barons of the Exchequer, returns with the ſame Attendants and Splendor to *Dorſet* Stairs, where, at his Landing, he is ſaluted by the Artillery Company, in all their Martial Ornaments in Buff and Silver Head-Pieces; and thus, with the whole Cavalcade, moves forward towards *Cheap-ſide*. In his March, he is firſt entertain'd with this Pageant.

## *The Firſt* PAGEANT,

## *The Amphitheatre of* UNION.

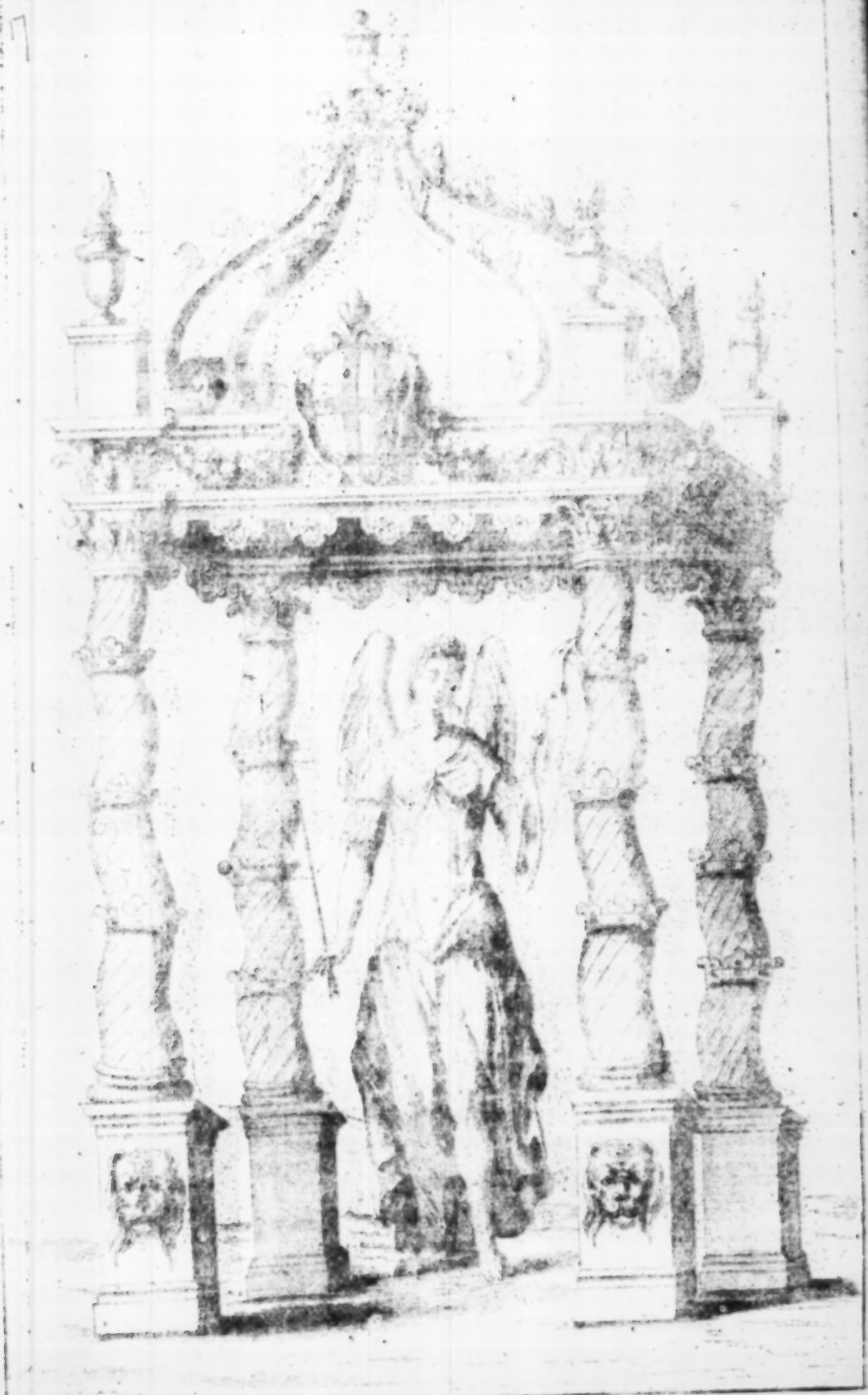
A Large Fabrick, deſign'd after the *Corinthian* Order, elevated with four Marble Columns fluited with Gold, and twiſted round with Lawrels of Flowers. Above the Etableture of Gold and Silver are erected four Noble Golden Cups, being part of the Bearing of the Company's Arms. In the middle of all this Noble Building, on a Quadrangular Seat, ſits *UNION* in Chief; with a Chaplet of Flowers on a Golden Head-piece, and a Lawrel of Oak, ſignifying *Love* and *Wiſdom*. The Attributes or Graces attending on *UNION*, are three other Perſons richly habited with their proper Ornaments, being *Piety*, *Harmony*, and *Diligence*, with the Enſigns and Banners of the Company's Arms.

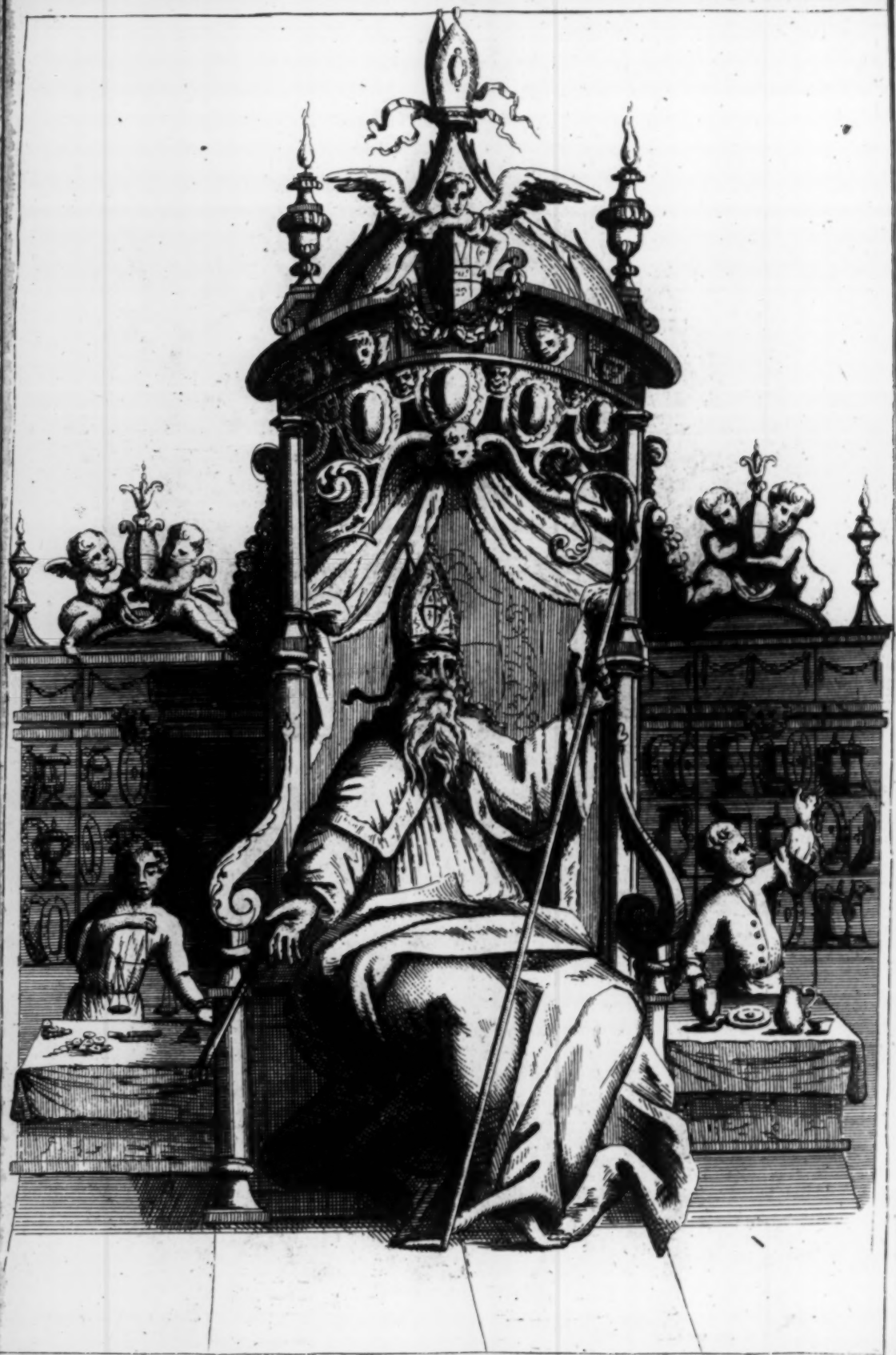
*UNION* thus addreſſes his Lordſhip.

## UNION's *Speech.*

*WHen ſacred* UNION *holds her Seat Divine,*
*The ſweeteſt Harmony of Pow'r is Mine.*
*By Me is the Great Hinge of Empire mov'd,*
*The Magiſtrate obey'd, and Prince belov'd.*
*But when true* UNION *joins all Hearts and Hands,*
*Tis only when ſome Darling Head commands.*
*So Rules Great WILLIAM: So, my Lord, ſhall You;*
*A Copy from that Great Original ſo true,*
*As* Cæſar *to His* Throne; *You to Your* Chair,
*Have brought the Univerſal Darling there.*

*The*





S.t DUNSTAN.

# *The Second* PAGEANT,

## *The* GOLDSMITHS *Laboratory.*

A Large and Spacious Work-ſhop of ſeveral Artificers, diſtinct in their proper Apartments for the ſeveral Operators in the Myſtery of the *Goldſmiths*, containing Forges, Anvils, Hammers, and other Inſtruments of Art, *&c.* In the middle of this Laboratory, on a rich Golden Chair of State, is ſeated St. *Dunſtan*, the ancient Patron and Guardian of the Company, array'd in his Pontifical Ornaments, expreſſing his Prelatical Dignity, in a Surplice of white Lawn, over which he wears a large Cope, *&c.* On his Reverend Hoary Head, a Golden Mitre beſet with precious Stones and Pearls of great Value: In his Left Hand he holds a Golden Croſier; in his Right Hand a Pair of *Goldſmiths* Tongs, an Emblem of his Patronage; and under his Feet lies the Devil.

On each ſide this Noble Seat is plac'd *Apollo* and *Eſculapius* his Son, in their proper Habits, bearing the City's and Company's Banners, and playing on ſeveral Melodious Inſtruments, as well for his Lordſhip's Diverſion, as to preſerve a Harmony and Decorum among the Artificers.

Beneath the Steps of Aſcenſion to the Canonical Chair, in oppoſition to the Patron, is placed a Goldſmiths Forge, with Fire and Crucibles filled with Gold; a Boy blowing the Bellows. On either Hand, in the Front of this Shop, is ſet up a large Preſs of Gold and Silver Plate, with Compters, *&c.* repreſenting a formal Shop of Trade: On each ſide are Jewellers at Work, with Anvils, Hammers, Stones, Sparks; beſides a Planiſher, a Raiſer, a Drawer and Chacer, *&c.* Several Artificers beating out Plate, and faſhioning ſeveral Veſſels of Gold and Silver: Likewiſe an Eſſay-Maſter with his Claſs, Frame and Ballance, for trying of Gold and Silver by the Standard. In another Apartment is Diſgroſſing, Flatting and Drawing of Gold and Silver Wire. In another are included Finers and Refiners, Melting, Smelting, Fining, Refining and Separating Gold and Silver, both by Fire and Water; and the Maſter-Forger and three other Workmen making a Maſſy Piece of Plate, Singing and keeping Time on the Anvil.

Here His Lordſhip is addreſt by St. *Dunſtan.*

St. Dunſtan. *THE Triumphs of this Day, deſerv'd ſo well,*
*When Fame ſhall in Recorded Story tell,*
*Thoſe Oracles of Truth——*

Devil. *Can You ſpeak Truth?*

St. Dunſtan. *Peace, ſnarling Devil! Thus I'll ſtop your Mouth.*
[Catches him by the Noſe.]
*Down to thy Hell, there croak, thou Fiend accurſt,*
*See this great Day, and ſwell'd with Envy, burſt.*
*In ancient Times when Saints were once ador'd,*
*St.* Dunſtan *was the Goldſmiths Patron Lord:*

*And whilſt on this proud glittering Stage I ſtand,*
*With all this ſhining Treaſure on each Hand;*
*What tho' the World worſhips the Saint no more,*
*Still there's whole Thouſands that my Shrine adore.*
*A thouſand homaging Eyes this Sight behold;*
*Not me their Idol, but my Shop of Gold.*
*But let that Superſtition end: Here's all*
*That does a juſter Righteous Homage call;*
*Whilſt your Illuſtrious Triumphs to attend,*
*Both Shrine and Saint to You, my Lord, muſt bend.*
*That Nobler Luſtre my pleas'd Eyes behold,*
*Your Richer Virtues far out-ſhine my Gold.*

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## *The Third* PAGEANT,
## *A Triumphant* CHARIOT *of Gold.*

ASTRÆA, the Goddeſs of Juſtice, in a long Robe of Silver, a Crimſon Mantle fringed with Silver, a Veil of Silver fringed with Gold; on her Head a Plume of white Feathers ſet with precious Stones: In her Right Hand a Touch-ſtone; in her Left a Golden Ballance with Silver Scales.

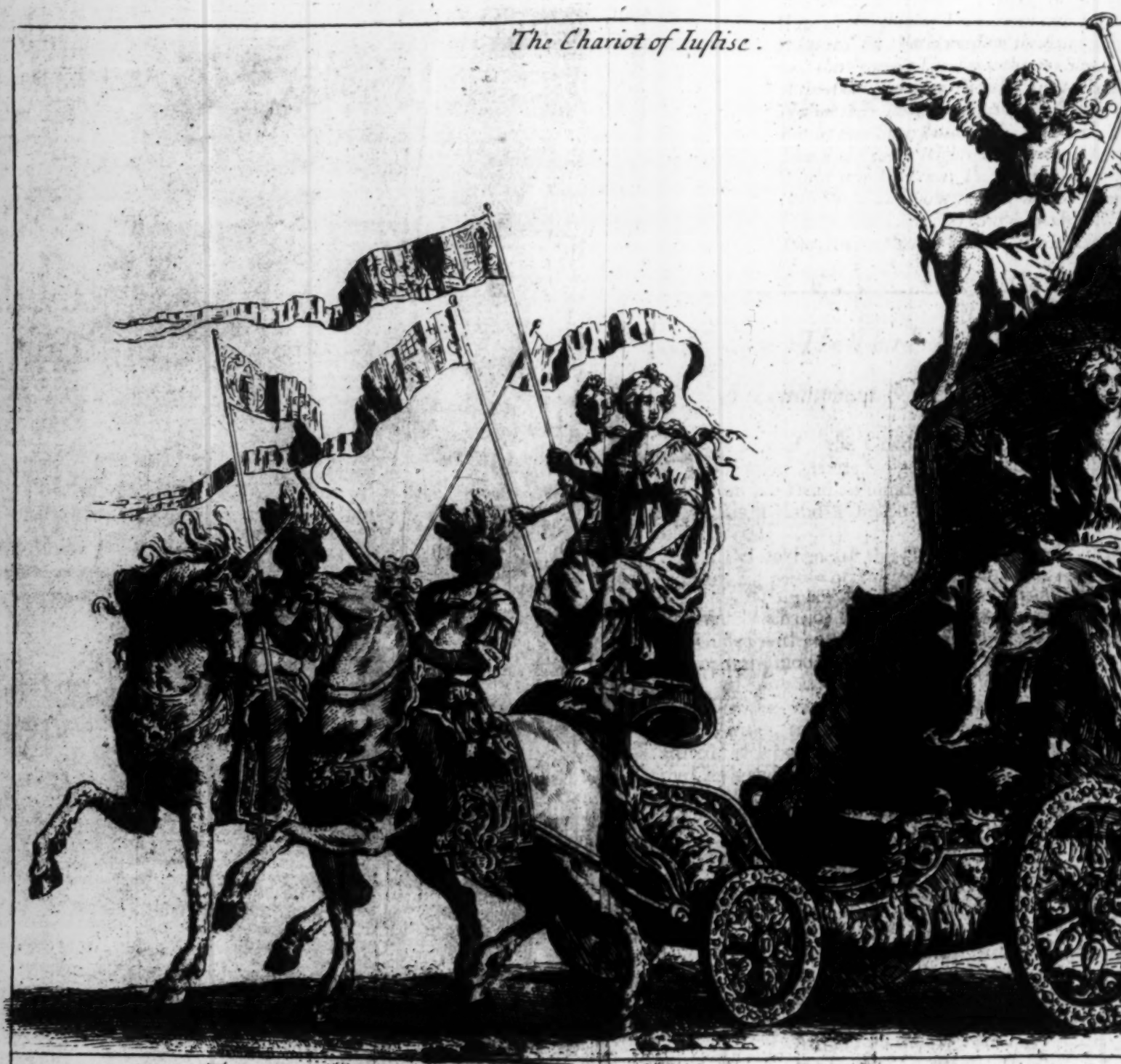
At a Deſcent beneath this Goddeſs are placed *Charity* and *Concord*, as the neceſſary Supporters of Juſtice: and on a Seat remote, ſits another Virtue, call'd *Truth*, ſupporting the Reins, and guiding the Chariot of Juſtice. This ſtately Chariot is drawn by two Unicorns, moſt exquiſitely Carved and Gilded with equal Proportion to the Life. On the Backs of theſe two Unicorns are mounted two Beautiful Young Princes, one a *Barbarian*, the other an *European*, ſounding forth the Fame of the Honourable Company of *Goldſmiths*. At the Feet of theſe moſt Noble Creatures is ſeated four other Virtues, as *Prudence*, *Temperance*, *Courage*, and *Conduct*, all properly attired, each holding a Banner diſplay'd with the Kings, the Lord Mayors, the City's and Company's Arms.

*ASTRÆA* thus Salutes His Lordſhip.

*Juſtice of old by long Oppreſſion driven,*
*Left the Tyrannick World and flew to Heav'n.*
*But when Great* NASSAW, Albion's *Scepter bore,*
*Our Laws and Rights ſent kindly to reſtore,*
*She viſited the* Albion *World once more.*
*Thus whilſt our* Cæſar *yields a Truſt ſo large,*
*As proud* Auguſta *to Your Guardian Charge.*
*As He from Heav'n His Sovereign Juſtice drew;*
*He's Heav'ns Vicegerent, His Vicegerent, You.*
*Aſtræa then muſt here her Pow'r reſign,*
*Her brighteſt Glories in Your Hand ſhall ſhine.*
*You'll beſt, my Lord, my Righteous Ballance hold,*
*No Poiſe ſo even as in the Scales of* Gold.

*The*

*The Chariot of Iustise.*



TO THE WORSHIPFULL THE COMPANY OF GOLDSMITHS;

*The Prints of these Pageants as a lasting Monument of this years Triumphs, are humbly dedicated.*

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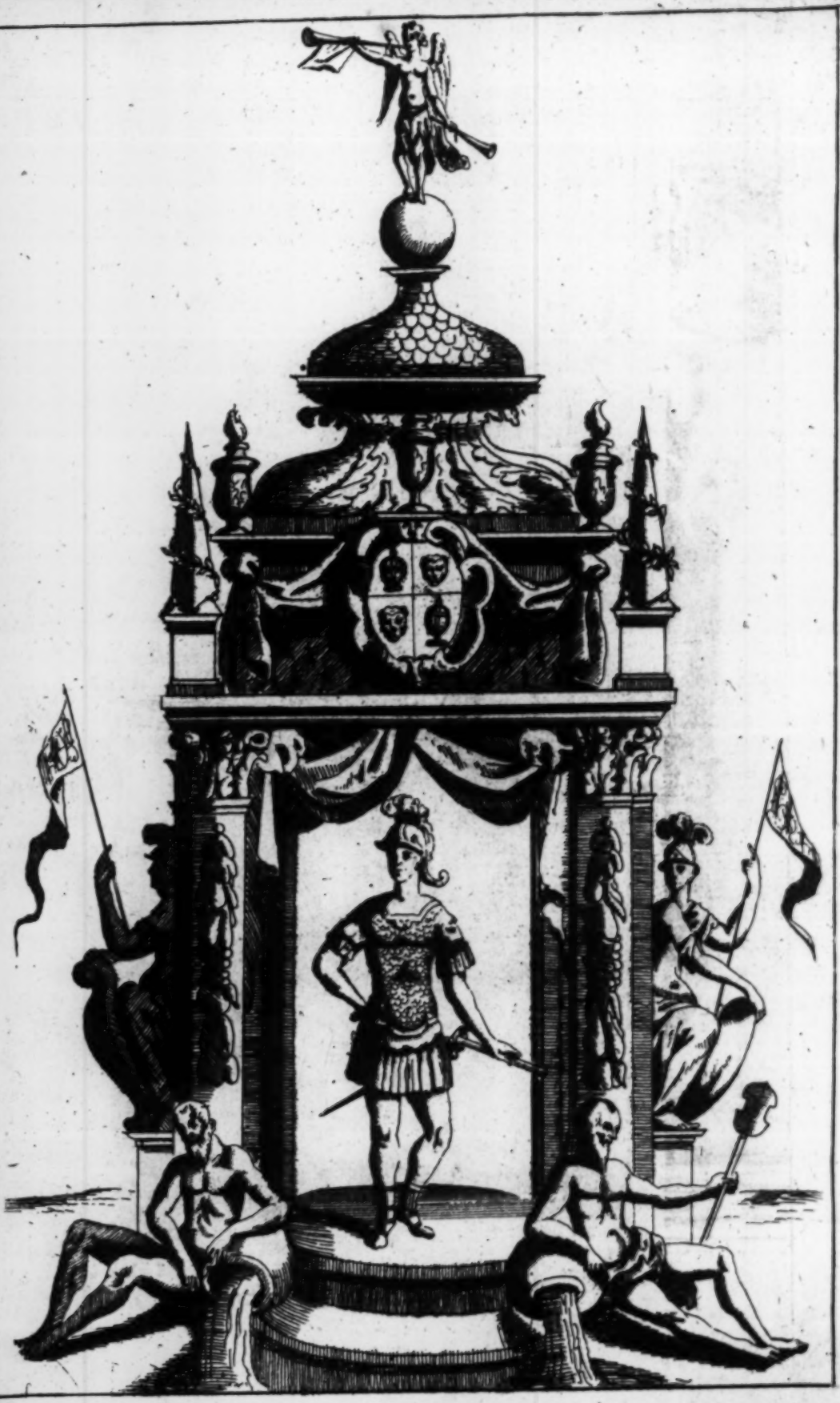

## *The Fourth and Last* PAGEANT,

## *The Temple of* HONOUR.

THIS Pageant being the Repreſentation of the true Merit that has rais'd His Lordſhip to that Honourable Dignity; in the chief Seat in Front ſits a noble Figure perſonating HONOUR, with the Banner of the City's; on his Head a Silver Head-Piece and a ſtately Plume of Crimſon Feathers, his Veſt embroider'd with Gold, Silver, and precious Stones; a Robe of Scarlet inrich'd with Embroidery of Tiſſue, with Buskins, and a Silken Scarf fringed with Gold.

On the ſame Baſis, in three other Seats, are planted *Peace*, *Plenty*, and *Liberality*, properly dreſt, as the ſuitable Attributes and Attendants on HONOUR. At the Feet of theſe are laid the four Principal Rivers of Trade, as *Tiber*, *Nile*, *Danube*, and *Thames*, with their ſeveral Hieroglyphicks, in Rich Habits, with Garlands of Flowers, and Banners flying, *&c.*

Ths Structure is formed of the Compoſitive Order, moſt nobly ſet forth with Painting and Carving in Gold and Silver to an infinite Luſtre, being made of that precious Stone called *Lapis Lazuli*. On the upper part over each Pilaſter are four Pyramids of Trophies of Armour, Bows, Quivers, *&c.* being the ancient Emblem of Honour, Love and Virtue, and crown'd with the Four Imperial Crowns of *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, and *Ireland*.

### *HONOUR's Speech.*

*WHilſt my beſt Wreath decks thoſe Deſerving Brows,*
*To her lov'd Lord the pleas'd* Auguſta *bows:*
Auguſta, *who Your humble Suppliant, calls*
*Once more for her old Hoſpitable Walls:*
*She wants to ſee her ancient Greatneſs raign,*
*When her proud* CHAIR *did all that State maintain;*
*That Viſiting Princes fill'd her* PRÆTOR's *Train.*
*Why do I court You to perform that Taſk,*
*When that's already granted e're I aſk?*
*Doubt not her ancient Grandeur You'll reſtore,*
*You'll be Your* SELF, *and ſhe needs aſk no more.*

His Lordſhip here moves to *Guild-hall* to Dinner, being Graced by the Lords of the Council, the Judges, and the chief Nobility of *England*, His Honourable Gueſts; where the Solemnity of the Day is concluded with all the Feſtival Magnificence and Splendor ſuitable to ſo moſt Noble an Entertainment.

*SONG*

# SONG.

TO Britain's *Dread* Cæsar, *we'll tune up our Joy:*
*To* Cæsar, *and* Cæsar's *Great* City-Viceroy:
*Tis* Cæsar *has lent him the* Scales *and the* Sword,
*And* Augusta *salutes him her Guardian Lord.*
*Whilst the World all around her,*
*'Twixt Envy and Wonder,*
*Shall see her proud* Chair *like the* Throne *shine in* Gold.

*Of* War *he has ended the Toil and the Pain;*
*And* WILLIAM's *Work now is to Smile and to Raign.*
*In the soft Sweets of* Peace, *in one Olive Bow'r,*
*The* Crown *and the* Chair, *the whole Scepter of Pow'r,*
*All blooming like* Aaron's *old Wand we behold;*
*Whilst calmly possessing*
*The Halcyon Blessing,*
*We'll merrily troll round the Goblets of* Gold.

*The* Ermin *and* Fir, *the* Robe *and the* Gown,
*On this side the* Chaplet, *on that side the* Crown,
*Together shall taste that General Joy,*
*Which the whole Pow'r of Hell shall never destroy:*
*Our* Albion *thus blest, this Scene to behold,*
*The* Day *shall shine brighter,*
*The* Sun *gallop lighter,*
*And* Phœbus *new-burnish his* Chariot *of* Gold.

FINIS.

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